AN

ELEGIE,

Upon the Death of the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

ANNE,

COUNTESSE

OF

SHREWSBURY.

By J. C: *Gentleman.*

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To the Right Honourable

THE

EARL of SHREWSBURY.

IF your Lordſhip can deſcend ſo low as to own thoſe Relations, which ſome of my friends now have, or lately have had to your Lordſhip, this Dedication will be ſo much the leſs your wonder; and indeed in my own preſent capacity, I take my ſelf to be within the circle of duty; though more remote from the center of your Immediate Commands. My Lord, This *Elegie* is guilty in two particulars; firſt, that it raiſes the dead (uncivil almoſt to a miracle) after the expence of ſo much ſorrow, to live ſhall I ſay, or rather to bleed, afreſh to your awakned memory? putting you in mind of a ſad ſequeſtration never to be compounded, for: Next, that it rudely paints out in dead colours thoſe lineaments of virtue, which in her were ſo lively expreſt, that I may religiouſly affirm, ſhe was a True Copy drawn from the Divine Original. And let it be the mark of my weakneſs, ſo long as it is likewiſe the merit of her Glory, to be above both my conception and expreſſion. I confeſs the contemplation of her Excellencies might creat a Poet, but ſuch a Poet muſt needs act beneath his Creation, his form being too Noble for the matter it is to actuate; My Lord, Your deceaſed Lady, whom we commemorate, was full of ſweetneſs and benignity, and your Lordſhip is as much Executor of her perfections as you are Maſter of your own; you will therefore be pleaſed in the name of both, to pardon this preſumption of

Your Lordſhips moſt humble Servant

JO: CROUCH.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
LADY MOUNTGARRET.

MADAM,

Hough by the power of Law and Religion, my Lord of Shrewsbury *was ſole proprietor of your Daughter and her Inheritance, (both which he purchaſ'd by the inſtrate of his merits) yet by the Law of Nature your Honour had the firſt and moſt intimate propriety; She being your real fleſh, and his Metaphorical, yet that more real then uſually Metaphors intend, the former tye ingageth conſcience, but the latter more nearly obligeth affection. Madam, I thought it my duty to divide this ſervice between my Lord and You; being both joynt Purchaſers in her life, and Sympathizers in her death, if there be any thing in this* Elegie *which may pretend to Life and Spirit, doubtleſs it was inſpir'd by the Genius of your deceaſed Daughter; if any thing of ſadneſs and mourning your Ladyſhip may ſuppoſe it dropt from my Siſters eyes: 'Tis ſmooth and eaſie, like her temper and diſpoſition it commemorates; and your Ladyſhip (as your goodneſs muſt prompt you) will, I hope, be the ſame to it. And upon that account onely, I expect your Ladyſhip will pardon this ſervice, and the weakneſs of it, to*

MADAM,

Your Honours moſt humble Servant,

JO: CROUCH.

THE

THE ELEGIE.

FArewel Great *Conyers* Heir, thou brighteſt Pearl
Nature 'ere poliſht to enrich an Earl,
An Earl of the firſt Magnitude, yet He
So high, concludes he was too low for Thee:
His goodneſs, greater then his Name, before
Render'd his Titles too inferiour;
He kindly fell degraded by his Love,
That humbled this great Turtle to his Dove:
But what his goodneſs wrought before, his Fate
Sad Earl! ſubmits him ſtill beneath thy State.
Death, that grand Tyrant over Mortal things,
Who diſthrones Emperors, Protectors, Kings,
Has inthron'd Thee; now raiſ'd as far above
Thy Earl, as he tranſcends all Earles in Love.
Hard lot! He loves ſtill, rather more then leſs;
Muſt keep his Love, and looſe his happineſs!
Whoſe ſorrow knows no ground of joy but this,
No power, below Heaven, could divide your bliſſe.

He's not alone, their death, when great Stars fall,
Though not diſeaſe, proves Epidemical.
Fair Saint, how many lives lament thy death?
Whoſe blood was warm'd by thine, not their own breath,
Forgive aſtoniſhment if it cannot mourn,
Our Hearts are dead and buried in thy urn:
Pardon our eyes if dry, thei're ſunk, and weep
Back to our hearts, our ſorrows are ſo deep!
But let's with leave of Providence inquire
Why this Fair Roſe muſt in its *June* expire?
Was it becauſe ſhe took no pleaſure here
In Husband, Mother, Babes? Three things ſo dear:
I'me ſure they all lov'd her, and now improve
Their grief by the dimenſions of their Love:
Shee dy'd, but once (O that vaſt once!) but they
Each hour ſad tributes to her Mem'ry pay.
Sometimes our vigorous phanſies (though in vain)
Poſſeſt, act high, and fetch her back again
With an *Herculean* Love; Now Hopes and Fears
Struggle, and Joy ſmiles in a Bath of Tears:
But O the emptineſs of that Creation
Takes Birth and form from fond imagination!
One minute makes her live, another dye,
Thus we her death, our own griefs multiply:
O then 'twas not for want of Love ſhe dy'd!
That might have been ſooner then life ſupply'd:
Her death knew no ſuch diſharmonious ſtrife,
But anſwer'd the ſweet Muſick of her life:
Her laſt ſigh (loves laſt Eccho) though but faint,
Breathd out her kind ſoul in an amorous pant:
Her Lord and Shee, never was kinder Pair,
One Soul mov'd both, which fed on Love, not Air;

How

How often did this ſweet expreſſion ſtart
From the full ſatisfaction of her Heart;
I would not change (quoth ſhe) good *Shrewsbury's* Wife
For Empreſs; better pleaſ'd with him then life!
Nor was her venture ſmall, when providence led
This beſt of Ladies to her Nuptial Bed;
She was her Fathers Heir, and muſt diſclaim
Not onely his Eſtate, but Houſe, and Name:
That Dower muſt vaſt and comprehenſive be,
Whoſe Total is the whole Poſterity!
When *Conyers* muſt be loſt, except the Font
Chriſten the *Name*, and ſtamp new life upon't: A Daughte
Here exſpir'd not the breath of one, but all,
A Families life dead in one funeral!
Were I to write her Epitaph it ſhould be,
Here lyes interr'd a Genealogie!
Poſterity, Anceſtors, all dead but Name,
And that to live upon the breath of Fame.
Live pretty Lady *Conyers*, live, to ſave
Talbot from guilt, and *Conyers* from the grave!
And yet, good ſoul! this univerſal ſale
Still ſeem'd to her too cheap to countervail
His merit, and her Love; t'improve her land,
Gives him her life, her lif's at his command:
Good Saint! ſhe might have ſav'd this liberal coſt,
Had ſhe but reckon'd what he reckon'd moſt;
Had ſhe caſt in the treaſure of her mind,
Sh' had raiſ'd her ſum, had been both rich and kind,
That was the firſt unkindneſs ſhe ere gave,
Her deareſt Lord, to lead him to her Grave!
This Loyalty to her Lord, could not impair
Her duty, equal to her Mothers care;

In all just things obedient to her will,
As if the Countess had been *Conyers* still:
And might have well appear'd to vulgar sence
Virgin for aspect, duty, Innocence.
No Child to Parent more just homage paid,
Onely she dyed, and there first disobey'd:
That was against her Mothers will, you'l say,
But 'twas Heav'ns Mandate, and she must obey:
Thus Heaven at once infrings, and forgives
All Obligations made to Relatives!

Madam you're Wise, then make no vain complaints,
Can you act higher, then furnish Heaven with Saints?
When you observ'd Heaven shining in her face,
Did you not then assign her to that place?
So good! what then? O let her live, you cry!
So good! she's ripe for Heaven, O let her dye!
Where is our intellect, our sense, our eyes?
When we think vertue fit to mortalize?

But must the Genial Bed, O *Juno!* be
Not her Babes, but her Souls delivery?
Ingratitude of Nature! Must a Tomb
Prove the sad Merit of a Fruitful Womb?
What wilt thou do sweet Babe to purge thy Fate,
Who bought'st this cheap World at so dear a rate?
Poor harmless Viper! thou mad'st I dare say,
Prophetick lamentations the first day.
Those very bowels which thy Birth had rent
Still pitty'd thee, thou was't so innocent:
Be sure to pay thy Father, when thou know'st
How much thy Mother for thy Birth thou ow'st;
Thou ow'st as much duty, as life; for she
Lost her own life to give a life to thee.

Yet

Yet with Heav'ns leave (diſcreet at laſt) ſhe ſtays
(In labour now with death, not thee) ſome dayes;
'Twas for thy ſake that not till then ſhe dy'd,
To ſave thee from the guilt of Matricide!
Sweet Babe! may Heaven prolong thy precious life,
Thou pledge of the beſt Mother and beſt Wife!
France that ſpruce Nation, of the Pureſt Aire,
Admir'd this Lady both for Wiſe, and Fair;
She ſpoke their Language with its natural tone,
They thought (but much deceiv'd) ſhe was their own:
Theirs, all except their vice; for when ſhe came
Back to her Native Soyl, ſhe was the ſame,
The ſame White *Conyers* ſtill: The change of place
Alters no Soul, without a change of grace!
Shee brought their decent modes and uſ'd them here,
Only ſhe left the Nations vanity there.
Her voice was ſweet without affected Art
Fit for the Quire, where now ſhe bears a part.
As for her Charity conſult the Poor,
They ſay ſhe kept a Table at her door;
Their thronging to her grave kind witneſs bears,
Strowing the ſad way not with flowers, but tears:
The Poor lament, and tell you, how they far'd,
Heav'n ſpeaks her Charity beſt by her reward:
This Diamond in her Crown is not the leaſt,
To meet Rich Saints, whom Poor ſhe uſ'd to feaſt.
Is this that Charity which in ſtead of Poor,
Sits now her ſelf without an Alms at door?
That Charity, which with ſo much noiſe and din
The Faith o'th age hath almoſt made a ſin?
This was that Charity ſhee did ſo priſe,
Her Grace within, without her Exerciſe!

You

You Ladies that exhauſt your wealth and time
In dear bought toyes to make a coſtly crime,
Lay up ſome gold for Heaven; what you ſpend here,
If ill diſpenc'd, will not be reckon'd there.
But I digreſs, who now no Satyre write,
But Elegie; *Dead Folks uſe not to bite!*
Witneſs good Heav'n, I would not wiſh to find
Great *Shrewsbury's* wealth, without his Ladies mind!
So pious, ſo devout! me thinks I ſee
The poſture of her bended Heart and Knee,
Both alike flexible: believe me, when
She dealt with Heaven, ſhe was no Counteſs then!
Allowing Natural Acts, and ſober care
Of decencies, her whole life was one prayer.
See, ſee, her moyſt Eyes, whilſt with Heav'n ſhe pleads,
Drop Tears, Religious Pearls, in ſtead of beads!
Her pious life was her deaths beſt preſage,
Whoſe whole tract was a Chriſtian Pilgrimage;
A Pilgrimage to that *Jeruſalem*, where
Dwell, onely Saints, no Turk inhabits there.
Death had not much to do in th' extream hour,
So weakned were the ſinews of his power:
Her cheerfulneſs at laſt all fear beguiles,
Taking her leave, like a kind friend with ſmiles.
But what Crowns all (in other great ones rare)
Shee knew no pride either of good or fair:
Her goodneſs ('tis a ſweet abſurdity)
Rais'd her to Heav'n by its humility;
That Ladder on which good Father *Jacob* went
To Heav'n; humility the ſouls aſcent!
When Eyes fall, Hearts may riſe: Humility thus
Like ſhowers the clouds, draws down our Heaven to us!

Great

Great Souls may act high, when their bodies faint:
And Heaven stoops down to meet an humble Saint!
Her very Maids proud of their Mistris name,
Learnt to be humble at the price of shame,
Were forc't to blush, and guilty skarlet be
By meer reflexions of her modesty;
I'me sure she made them humble, when she dyed,
Her death was the grand Penance of their pride.
This rich Pearl lost, makes the sad owners poor,
All turns to grief now what was joy before:
Her Beauty, Wisedom, Grace, serve all t'express
Her great bliss, and our great unhappiness!
Could not all this our Countess keep alive?
No; she must dye, and all this must survive:
When such ripe fruit in gracious Souls you see,
It springs from seeds of Immortality!
Farewel blest Saint, none ever riper dy'd,
Thou liv'dst till thou wa'st almost glorifi'd;
So Angelical was thy Soul! If Providence
Had pleas'd, thou might'st have been translated hence
Without th'exspiring of thy perfum'd breath;
Grace call'd for Heaven, humility for Death!
Thy Name, though Glorious, here was at a loss;
The Christians Crown is brighter then his Cross!
He that would write thy praises, first should go
To Heaven, and there their just dimensions know.

FINIS.